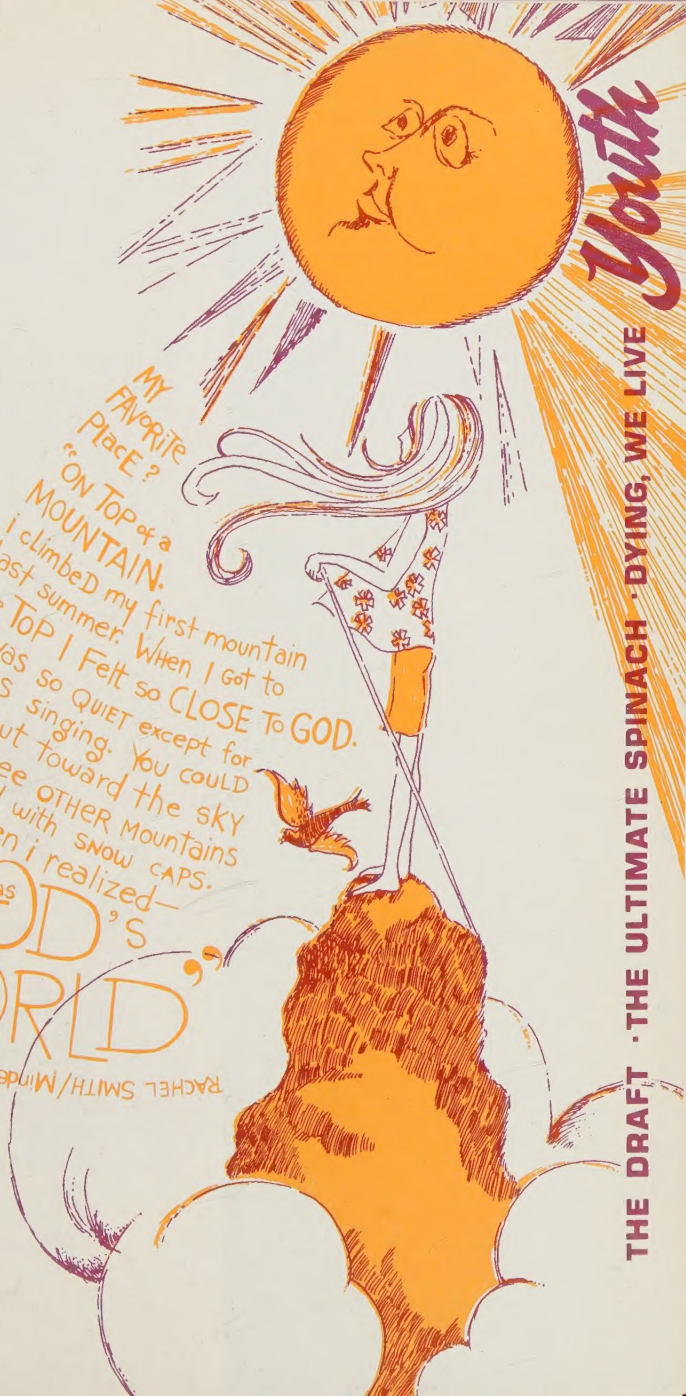


My
FAVORITE
Place?
"ON TOP of a
MOUNTAIN.
I climbed my first mountain
last summer. When I got to
the TOP I Felt so CLOSE To GOD.
It was so QUIET except for
BIRDS singing. You COULD
look out toward the sky
and see OTHER mountains
covered with snow CAPS.
IT'S Then i realized—

this was
GOD'S
WORLD

RACHEL SMITH/Minden, Iowa/17



Youth /

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Any city on a cool drizzly
weekday. I love to walk and
watch the people and
because I think that
skyscrapers

Blending with
mist and a
cloudy sky
are beautiful.

MARCIA CLEMMITT
Canton, O. / 17



IN A PLANE. I CAN SEE SO

11 8/11H

ate beauty MUCH more.
AL FISCHER/Clifton, N.J./17

HIDDEN by leaves
It's always CALM
and PEACEFUL
and its "music"
is Magnificent.

MAUREEN OLSEN
Minden, Iowa
15

EVERYPLACE
IS MY
FAVORITE
BECAUSE
OF MANY
REASONS

Just ONE can't Have
JEAN ZELLER/Alliance, O./16

A LARGE TREE at our FARM
-it's in the middle of a blue-grass
"PARK" and has A perfect place
to sit above the GROUND,

MY TWO FAVORITE PLACES

are the SEEGAR SHACK,
a local teenage

Discotheque and

Brandon Training School,
the state institution for
mentally retarded,

where i do volunteer work.

AT both PLACES i am extremely

HAPPY; at the first, relieving
pressures, and at the second
actually HELPING PEOPLE.

JEFF PULLING/Rutland, Vt./17

Library. It's cozy and full of unaccountable
of knowledge | LOUISE SYLVESTER/Merrill, Wis./16

rest of the world found there
also the complete isolation from
cause of the strangeness
CAVE. (not strange?)
CHARLES SHARP/Owland Park, Kan./16



A SAILBOAT on a large lake. The
gets when he is SKIPPING
it is a way of feeling close
to sail your boat prop
NANCY ALEXANDER/GREENSBORO, N.C./16

detached feeling one gets when he is
crewing A sailboat is very soothing. It is also a rewarding feeling to sail your boat prop
nature and closer to God. It is also the shortest and best way possible.
and get where you are going the
NANCY ALEXANDER/GREENSBORO, N.C./16

CHURCH.

I ENJOY BEING
IN ITS SILENT and

SOLEMN ATMOSPHERE, AND I LIKE all
THE ACTIVITIES I GO THERE FOR.

MARY ANN MEIER/Affton, Mo./17

my favorite place is my room.

It shows my personality and

it's where I can go and be Quiet and think.

ANN PEDDYCORD/GREELEY, Colo./16

Yet all is
PEACEFUL,
and flowers
can grow here.
HELEN FROST
Wilbraham, Mass./17

not depressing or morbid.
I can look around and
IMAGINE all these real
people who probably
experienced many of
the same EMOTIONS
which make life so
CONFUSING and so
Beautiful for ME.

THE LUTHER/CAMBRIDGE, Md./18

God's Love.
THE AWARENESS

dance,
FE, SECURITY,
ood, shelter,

NGS I need:
the important
gives me many

ME.

My school
BANDROOM
I Love
Belonging
to BAND.
ALL MY
MEMORIES
OF BAND
ARE
HAPPY
ONES.
SO
MANY
GREAT
THINGS
HAVE
HAPPENED
THERE.
BARBARA
GALL
Scotts-
Dak.
16

I like to be where all the ACTION and
other kids my age are.
anywhere where teenagers are because
DEBRA REINARZ
New Braunfels, Tex./15



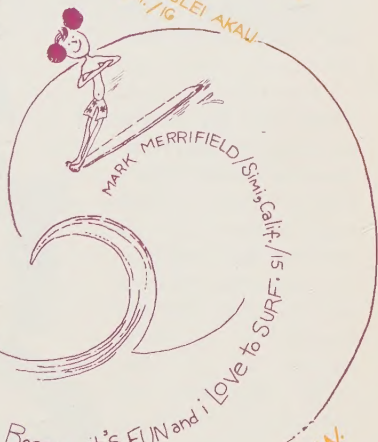
in front of our stereo, because I
love to listen to records,
especially show tunes.
MARY ESTHER ZOOK/La Brea, Ind./16

WAIPIO VALLEY, HAWAII.

Waipio is a valley
somewhat like that
described in
LOST HORIZON and
Swiss Family Robinson.
There is **PEACE**
and time seems
to stop.
NANETTE KUULEI AKAU-
Honolulu, H./16



BED!
I LOVE
TO SLEEP.
BILL SCHULTZ/Madison, Wis./17



MARK MERRIFIELD/Swiss Calif./15
to SURF. 51/16

DISNEYLAND and the beach.

COLORADO - many places
in Colorado - I LOVE
the BEAUTIFUL
SCENERY.
HELEN DALENE
BIDWELL
White Plains,
Conn./14

God, 'cause I like the beach and the lonely seashore, LOVE the OCEAN.
is also a lot going on. You NEVER get bored. FRED LANE/Rochester, N.H./16

MARK STEEDMAN/Davenport Iowa
The Door Peninsula in northeastern Wisconsin. It offers picture
scenery in summer and winter both. There is a New ENGL
flavor about the rocky cliffs and water of LAKE MICHIGAN.

ARE YOU 1-A?

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ABOUT THE DRAFT

Draft-card burners, pickets, young men refusing induction . . . and newspapers have been filled with such incidents as controversy over the Vietnam War has grown. Yet many of these young people have not been protesting the war, but the draft system itself.

In the wake of this controversy, many people are confused over just what draft regulations are, and over what rights and/or obligations young men have when they become draft age. To help with questions you may have, we are presenting this set of questions and answers about the draft.

■ **Every male U.S. citizen must register with the Selective Service System within one month after his 18th birthday.**

FALSE. He must register within five days after his 18th birthday. Failure to do so results in heavy penalties. Shortly after registration he will receive a classification questionnaire which must be returned to the local board within the time specified on the questionnaire. It is mandatory that this be completed and returned as directed.

■ **One may register at any local draft board in the country.** TRUE. However, one's home address, not the place where he registers, determines which local board will be sent his registration card for permanent custody.



■ **If one moves to the jurisdiction of another draft board, his record and standing will be transferred to that board.** FALSE. No matter where somebody moves, his records and standing remain with the draft board he originally was under.

■ **After registration, it is necessary for one to keep the draft board informed of his current mailing address as well as any changes in circumstances that might change his classification.** TRUE. In addition, every registrant must comply with every order issued by his local board.

It is assumed that every registrant is available for military service unless he provides evidence that would cause the local board to delay his selection or grant him a classification that makes him unavailable for military service. TRUE. It is the responsibility of the registrant to provide evidence to why he should be deferred from military service. For example, a college student must request a 2-S student deferment and see to it that his school supplies his local board with evidence that he is a full-time and satisfactory student. This must be done each year.

If you're
good enough



I WANT YOU

Leif Skoogfors

Q
S
7
00

A registrant's file is confidential and cannot be seen by anyone except Selective Service officials.

FALSE. The material in a registrant's file is available to him any time he wishes to see it. In addition, he may authorize, in writing, any other person to see his Selective Service file.

■ **All evidence submitted by the registrant to his local board to secure a classification other than I-A must be in writing.** TRUE. Also, it is wise to keep carbon copies of all correspondence with the local board. Some people recommend sending important correspondence by registered mail with return receipt requested.

■ **All deferments are permanent classifications.** FALSE. A deferment is a temporary classification. Every occupational deferment, for example, expires each year. Student deferments must be requested yearly (see question five).

■ **Once given a classification by the draft board, it is irrevocable and cannot be changed.** FALSE. After receiving the classification, it is possible to appeal to your State Appeal Board (either in the state where you are registered or in the state where you now live if different) within the period of time specified on the Notice of Classification. The clerk of your local board can give you the information on how to contact them.

910
1211

■ **To register as a conscientious objector, one must belong to one of the traditional "peace" churches.** FALSE. There are conscientious objectors in every major denomination. To qualify under the law one must be, "by reason of religious training and belief, conscientiously opposed to participation in war in any form."

■ **Unless one registers initially as a conscientious objector, he cannot do so later.** FALSE. One may request from the local board and submit Form SSS-150 (Special Form for Conscientious Objectors) at any time. It is important that this be done as soon as one's conviction as a conscientious objector has taken place.

■ **You may appeal as many times as your classification is changed by your local board.** TRUE. The appeal must be in writing but need not be in any special form. For example, "I wish to appeal" is sufficient.

■ **There are four classifications into which registrants are placed.** FALSE. There are 10 different classifications: I-A, I-A-O, I-O, I-S, I-Y, II-A, II-S, I-D, III-A, IV-B, IV-D, IV-F, IV-A, V-A, I-W, I-X. The clerk of your local board can explain what each of these is. Or you may write to the National Service Board for Religious Objectors (550 Washington Building, 15th and New York Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005) for that information.*

13

4
15
0

■ If the local board does not grant a C.O. classification, an individual can request a personal conference with the board. This must be done within 30 days of the mailing of his Classification. TRUE. There must be a quorum of local board members present for it to be a legal, decision-making quorum. He also has the right of appeal to the State Appeal Board.

■ There are two basic classifications for conscientious objectors. TRUE. With the I-A-O classification one is inducted into the armed forces but is assigned only to non-combat service such as the Medical Corps; with the I-O classification one performs "civilian work contributing to the maintenance of the national health, safety, or interest" for 24 months. The applicant should note on Form SSS-150 which of these classifications he seeks.

If a man develops moral principles against war while in military service, he may request a discharge on this basis. TRUE. This is possible under Department of Defense Directive No. 1300.6 as amended (issued on August 21, 1962); granting the discharge is at the discretion of the service member.

17

en willing to fight in World War II is entitled to a conscientious objection classification. FALSE. At present, there is no clear provision in law for "selective objectors." In some cases, however, local boards have given such persons a C.O. classification.

■ Someone who objects to participating in the War in Vietnam on religious grounds, but would have



■ **Full-time college students "satisfactorily" pursuing their course of study are presently deferred.** TRUE. Should the student drop out of school for any reason, this deferment is lost. Graduate students in medicine, dentistry, veterinary medicine, osteopathy, and optometry receive these deferments. It is suggested you check with your local board as to what other areas of graduate study are eligible for deferment.

■ **It is possible to be deferred if one is a "sole surviving son."** TRUE. However, to qualify, the boy must not only be the only male left in the family, but also must have had a brother, sister or father who died as a result of military service.

■ **A son whose widowed mother receives any income at all may not be deferred because he is her sole support.** FALSE. If she is a dependent who would

in the board's judgment, suffer hardship, he may receive a III-A deferment. However, if this dependency ceases and no other reason for deferment exists he will be liable for the draft until his 35th birthday as he would if he had a student or occupational deferment.

■ **There are two different classifications for mental or physical deferments.** TRUE. IV-F is a classification given to registrants not qualified for any military service, either currently, or in time of war or national emergency declared by the Congress. I-Y is the classification given to registrants who are not acceptable for military service under current standards, but who would be qualified in time of war or national emergency declared by the Congress.

■ **A person who leaves the U.S. to evade the draft may be prosecuted any time he returns.** TRUE. Time spent outside the U.S. is not counted in deciding whether the time during which he can be prosecuted has run out.

23
14
5

■ **It is illegal for anyone under 30 and over 75 to serve on a draft board.** TRUE. Since serving on a local board is extremely time-consuming, many board members are retired men (women were barred from serving in this capacity until recently) and usually veterans of military service. Board members must now retire at 75.

■ **Joining the army is a voluntary act.** TRUE. At the induction ceremony, each man takes one step forward to signify his voluntary assent. Of course, if one doesn't step forward, he is guilty of refusing induction.

Many immigrants who came to this country in the 19th century did so in order to avoid military conscription. TRUE. This was one reason why at one time there had been much opposition in the U.S. to the idea of the draft. Compulsory military training and service were used after the Civil War, World War I, again from 1940-1945, and from 1948 forward, including the present law now in effect.



U.S. Army Photograph

16
The Vice President of the U.S. has a special selective service classification. TRUE. It is IV-B and it includes governors and judges.

* See *Questions and Answers on the Classification and Assignment of Conscientious Objectors* (NSBRO, 35c), also contained in Packet on *Conscientious Objection* available from Council for Christian Social Action, United Church of Christ (\$1.00).

■ BY RALPH MOORE / One of the happiest set of waves reverbing around the country these days is a beautiful group of people from the Boston area. They call themselves Ultimate Spinach. If they haven't overcome you yet, watch out, because in their own words: "Ultimate Spinach is growing . . . expanding and exploding with myriad consciousness, laughter, feelings, thoughts, ideas." Their album, *Ultimate Spinach* (MGM SE-4518), is steadily taking over souls everywhere.

It was my privilege to have a conversation with the organizer and leader of Ultimate Spinach, Ian Bruce-Douglas, a young man who is so totally together that his words merely serve to punctuate his ecstatic all-encompassing message. He personifies what the experts have been saying for decades is excellent communication. Here are some of the things he said to me.

First of all, I brought out a quote which he had made in a newspaper, "We're a surrealistic electric music group trying to better the level of pop music," he had announced. "Well," I asked, "what's wrong with pop music?"

"Well," he started, "the thing that affects me the most immediately, besides the fact that most groups use the same basic chord progression all the time, is that the words really are sick. They all sound like something out of the head of a 15-year-old who's mad at mommy and daddy. They never get past the baby love type thing; 'mom and dad don't want us to go steady,' and, you know — well 'my hair's long and I'm a freak and nobody digs me at all.' That's terrible: 'I'm going to rebel against society.' And this is not what it's like for us at all. We aren't rebelling by any means. What we're trying to do is constructively add. If people want to listen to groups that do the kind of music I'm talking about, that's fine. Let them. But I think that a lot of people, if they were given a chance to listen to a better quality of music would prefer it. Basically, music right now is in a very, very sad state. What you hear on the radio kind of stinks."

"You're working out a philosophy about this, I take it," I said. "How would you describe it?"

Catching up the lyrics from a set I had just heard Ultimate Spinach play, Ian Bruce-Douglas radiated, "To be aware. To behold, behold and see. That is the exact message of everything, no matter

BEHOLD,
behold
and
see

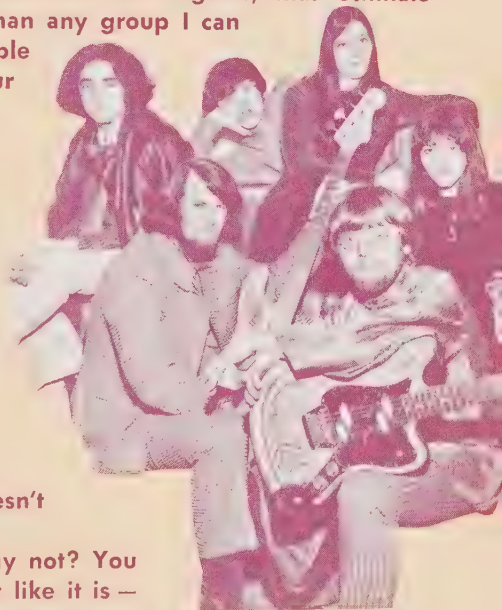
what we're talking about — to be aware, of good as well as bad. It isn't necessarily of good things. We're definitely not flower children; we're not on a flower kick or anything like that. The group is trying just to tell it like it is. This is the whole idea.

"Nor is the group about to tie into some clean-cut, apple-pie American-flag-waving thing to make people happy. Out at the Fillmore Auditorium in San Francisco a lot of people were questioning parts of what we were doing because they didn't quite understand why a lot of the music (as they put it) is a 'down trip,' instead of being a happy flower trip, and I was trying to explain, as I did for a newspaper article I did out in Los Angeles, that Ultimate Spinach probably cares more than any group I can think of right now about people and about situations that occur to people. And therefore we aren't necessarily going to just, you know, like stroke your head and make you feel better. We may slap you in the face to wake you up so that you can fight and do something about it to change it. We're not a passive group by any means. Now as I say, that's our music, because I wouldn't want to get into politics. That's like a whole other thing, and that doesn't have to do with our music."

"No politics?" I asked. "Why not? You say that you're anxious to tell it like it is — Doesn't that get you into all kinds of ethical themes? I mean, guys are going to war, for example."

We were in difficult territory, but Ian Bruce-Douglas had an important point to make. "Yes, there are a lot of people going to war. Look, I have my views but I have quite a bit of responsibility now because I am, as is all the group, in the public eye. We cannot promote our own personal opinions, because I am quite sure that there are things that I could say that could influence a lot of very impressionable people. But I wouldn't say them. I don't think it's right.

"In other words," I mused, "you're not out to propagandize about specific issues . . .



"So out of all this, how did you arrive at your name?"

"Once I was doodling on a piece of paper with a magic marker. It was green; I looked at it and said, 'That's ultimate spinach. That's me.' That's the kind of communicating we want to do. Communication is quite something because there are so many groovy ways of communicating. And I think they can be used better. We play electric music. We don't get played on many AM stations and actually I'm kind of proud about that because most of the music on AM I wouldn't want to be associated with. Let's not say all of the music, because there are some good things that occasionally sneak through. Unfortunately, AM stations seem to be afraid to try to appeal to youth in an intellectual sort of way instead of just a silly body sort of way — dancing and ridiculous lyrics that are supposed to mean a lot to the kids 15 and 16. I think that a lot of what we're doing could mean a lot to a younger person — you know, everybody who is not a teeny-bopper. It's highly unfair that the generation that runs the media have so little faith in the ability of youth to understand things. Maybe they're afraid that their children may become a little too aware, they may know too much, and then there'd be a big hassle. I'm concerned, because I'm concerned about tomorrow, not yesterday."

I began to realize that Ultimate Spinach considers their creative act to be one of emersion in sound, something near impossible to accomplish on a radio play of a single side. The LP record is different — different environment in which it is heard, different people, perhaps, from the ones who listen to AM disc jockey shows. "You're really trying to get through to the widest universe of listeners possible," I surmised.

"Oh, very much so, yes. We're aiming for anybody, and we don't care what type, sex, color or religion, or occupation. We're aiming at anybody who wants to turn on to life. We're not one of these groups that if someone walks in with a coat and tie, it merely puts you down. I'm against classification."

Hearing — rather, experiencing — Ultimate Spinach in person supports Ian Bruce-Douglas' claims. I have never known a wilder, more colorfully-textured choreography in an electric group's sound. It had been pointed out to me that the lead guitarist, Geoffrey Winthrop, had worked out the feedback of his amplifier to a fine science, and that is understating the case. When he, Richard Nese, the bass player, and Ian Bruce-Douglas, who also plays piano, organ and



sings, begin to weave their fullest tapestries, they are incredible. Add Russell Levine on the drums and the voice and guitar of Barbara Hudson, and you have what the leader himself calls "an unbelievable conglomeration of phantasmagoria." The words function simply as peculiar elements in the rising, falling undulation.

Unfortunately, the album does not shine as brilliantly as a live performance, which is probably due to technical flaws as well as the fact of a less developed earlier performance. It's there, however, and rather than describe the individual pieces I would urge listening to the whole beautiful phenomenon as one event.

"What I would say to your readers is just to try to be totally aware of everything going on around, try to be open-minded, and look at things from many sides and you'll probably come out a heck of a lot more well rounded than you would if you didn't."

Ultimate Spinach is sometimes identified with the "Boston Sound," a tag invented more or less by the press since the many fine groups in the Boston area have become better known. But that classification falls with all classifications when we consider the group's dominant theme. What is most important is that we do what they ask us to do: open up, let ourselves take the risk of exposure to what is really happening on the inside as well as the outside. Ian Bruce-Douglas sums it all up on the album jacket in a kind of prophetic invitation: Ultimate Spinach is mind food . . . a belief that pop music deserves to be an art form, taken as seriously as its content . . . top 40 is not where it's at, anymore . . . people's minds are waking up and they need good food, not the garbage starch that fills them up with air instead of substance . . . rub the sleep out of your eyes and see what's happening around you . . . believe in something real, but realize that reality is not always something that can be seen . . . true reality must be felt . . . let the music reach into your depths with a candle and light up what has been dark for too long . . . be unafraid to explore within you in order to see around you . . . be not ashamed of crying or laughter or anything that is beautifully you . . . turn on to life, the reality trip . . . feel that we of Ultimate Spinach are sincerely trying to get inside your head, so that you may know us through our music, and you may share in our thing . . . take what we give you, because we give it totally for you, but protect our gift, keep it close to you, and above all, let us help you find your own true beauty so that others may grow beautiful in your presence.





ALL YEAR LONG

Martin Sures and Ronald Silver had been studying United States history and the Constitution. And something the teacher said made them wonder: "Most Americans would not recognize the major documents of our country." Was it true? the boys wondered. They thought it might be interesting to find out.

The summer rolled lazily on. Then came the Fourth of July. A local newspaper ran a picture of the Declaration of Indepen-

dence with the caption, "Not worth the paper it's written on unless we live by it."

That did it. How many Americans even recognize our historical documents, much less live by them? Marty and Ron hatched an idea.

They chose as a test document the Bill of Rights—the first ten amendments to our Constitution. These guarantee Americans basic rights such as freedom of speech and religion and prohibit such things as unreasonable search and seizure.

The boys typed it out, without its title, and then practiced their pitch:

"Hello, Ma'am. A group of citizens (Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, and Thomas Paine, to be exact) have gotten together and drawn up this petition. It has been under study for quite some time (177 years), but before sending to our congressman, we would like to get the public's opinion. We would appreciate your signature if you care to sign it."

It was hard not to crow out the secret, but the boys had made up their minds: If a person didn't recognize it, they wouldn't tell him unless he insisted. They didn't want to make anybody feel stupid. And so they started out.

At first it was just for fun. The

"I'll endorse the Bill of Rights any time."

"It's not patriotic."

Some people said "No" and shut the door. Some handed it back with scarcely a glance. Some said there were enough problems without adding to them. And some thanked them for the opportunity to review the Bill of Rights.

Finally, the last interview was over and the boys figured out the results. Out of 101 adults, 15 recognized the Bill of Rights and signed it; seven recognized it but did not sign; 21 signed it but did not recognize it; and 58 neither recognized nor signed it.

they decided to turn it into a science fair project. They wanted to say that they had interviewed "over a hundred people" and they did — 101. It took about ten days — hours each day — of walking, knocking, and explaining

They took turns doing the talking. While one gave the spiel, the other wrote down the remarks people made. Some went like this:

"It has lasted a long time. I hope it lasts as long in the future."

"Unless your group has a name, I won't sign. I'm not interested."

"I don't understand it all."

"Some parts are good and some are not."

"I don't agree with this."

"It vaguely resembles the Bill of Rights."

"It's ridiculous."

"Who made this up. I'm not very smart . . ."

"I don't approve of all these ideas."

"Do I have to read it all?"



BY PHYLLIS NAYLOR

riding



the subway

4 fun and art



PHOTOS: JOHN GOODWIN

East side . . . west side . . . all around the town . . . It's been done before. Over the past half-decade, groups of adventurers have done it on an average of at least twice a year. Boy Scouts, college kids, Transit Authority employees — all have tried it. But I doubt many of them did it as much out of fascination with the subways as out of a desire to set a new marathon record. We did it with both motivations in mind.

■ TEXT: PETER FRANK

subway:
"A" train, "E" train —
242nd St., South
Ferry —
Hurry —
Rush of trains,
Noise,
Hurry —
Clack of rails,
Sway as car moves,
Hurry —
Swoosh into stations,
Hurry —
Run for the express
At 96th St.
Hurry —

Lights blink as we hit a switch
Train jerks, rushes on
HURRY —
59th St. Station,
Change for "D" train,
One stop,
Change again for Queens,
HURRY!
HURRY!
HURRY!



Did what? Why, ride the length and breadth of the New York subway system on one token, in one stretch, in as short a time as possible! It's a marathon on rails over streets, through tunnels, under rivers and into dimly lit, ad-covered, and graffiti scrawled stations.

Sid Schneider, a Carnegie Tech freshman from the Bronx and a close friend of mine from camp, had masterminded a subway sojourn last year. Unable to cover the whole route himself, he directed three Bronx High School of Science classmates through the maze of tracks above and below New York City. Their goal was to beat the old record of 23 hours flat, but they failed.

So, this January, Sid arrived home for midterm recess with plans for another marathon. The subway system had just had a face-lifting, and was supposedly more efficient. At any rate, new routes had been created, and the system had not been challenged since its rebirth. He invited me to go along, and we began to make plans for an all-out effort to take place in April. Sid returned to Carnegie to map the new route and get a duration estimate from the friendly campus computer,

while I spent many hours recruiting friends to join us, and one full Saturday afternoon checking out transfer stations.

I spent the night of April 14 at Sid's house. At 4:30 a.m. the next morning, we walked out into the cold Bronx air. We spent the next two hours traveling to our starting point, the 168th St. Jamaica station, where we rendezvoused with Jeff Wice and Neil Aisenson, two camp friends from Long Is-



168th ST

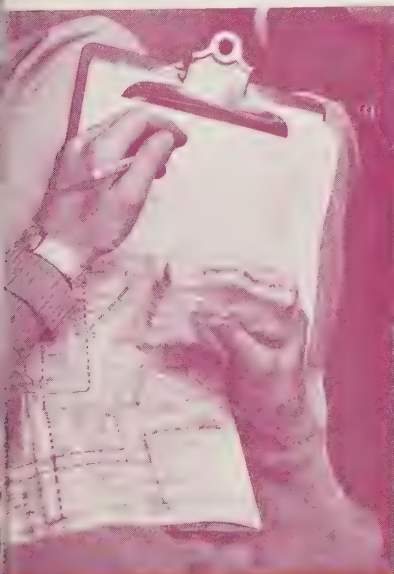
land. At 7:04 a.m. on the morning of April 15, we began our long day's journey into night.

Between our embarkation and about 9:30 p.m. that evening, we made good time. Soon after meeting Dean Weber, a Tenafly (N.J.) high school friend of mine, two hours into the mission, we dispatched Neil and Jeff to keep an eye on the erratic Culver shuttle while we charged up to Queens and back to Brooklyn again. This maneuver was a real time saver for they kept us on our Coney Island-bound "F" as we entered the Culver transfer stop, telling us the shuttle had just left. Coming around to the other transfer point from below, we caught the shuttle

as it readied to leave. In 1967, Sid's crew had wasted 25 minutes waiting for the shuttle.

Fortunate incidents like this, and quick transfers under normal circumstances, accounted for our keeping ahead of schedule until we hit the Bronx. By this time, Neil and Jeff had long bid us adieu and had faded into the Queens afternoon. Our wait for the White Plains line was interminable; it seems some guy in the Times Square station, through which the White Plains line passes, chose that evening to throw himself on the tracks. Though his loss was certainly greater than ours, we were pretty mad about falling behind schedule for the first time.

Neither were our spirits helped any by the loss of my traveling satchel halfway up to White Plains. Fortunately, we lost no time by this, dispatching Dean for





it, and arranging a reconnaissance at 96th St. But before we made the rendezvous, we lost more time.

The 3rd Avenue el took forever getting started. Then came real disaster. The Lennox Avenue shuttle, a recently installed line running on pre-existing track (which forces it to make its trip twice as long as it should be), took a good half hour to show up. To add insult to injury, the shuttle decided it had finished its night run when it pulled into 145th St. We had to request — that is, plead for — a special ride back to 135th St.

Once there, we lost another

half hour waiting for a train down to 96th St. When we finally arrived at 96th, Dean was asleep on his feet. And, he didn't have my satchel. By this time, we were about as cheery and spirited as a last-place baseball team would be after playing another losing game in the hot sun.

Gamely, we finished out the route. Throughout the night, delay followed delay. We staggered through the West Bronx and upper Manhattan, now gaining on our deficit, then having the gain blown to the wind by another tardy train. Finally, about 4:30 a.m., we made the longest haul of the trip, out to the Rockaways in Queens.

We did some more irritated waiting in this area. At this point we could have slept through the waits, but the dawn air of Jamaica Bay was anything but balmy! We concluded our excursion at Far Rockaway at 6:38 a.m., the morning of Tuesday, April 16. 23 hours, 38 minutes. Almost an hour behind schedule. It had become so pathetic by the end that we were glad simply to finish under 24 hours, let alone beat, by a hair, Sid's 1967 record of 23 hours, 40 minutes (done, mind you, on the old, unimproved system).

But, I'm not sorry I went. For all the frustrations and losses of time, sleep, and property, I'm not sorry! I had finally seen every inch

of the New York subway system, and it was beautiful.

I recall many fantastic sights from that trip: The festering lagoons and train graveyards of Coney Island. The bridges and highways around Astoria, Queens. The Culver shuttle, so small and erratic that Sid claimed one could call up to make reservations for the trip. The Myrtle Avenue el — trains from 1913 slothfully wending their way above teeming Brooklyn slums into the Queens hinterlands. The Canarsie line, meandering out to the sandlots behind Jamaica Bay, and crossing the only New York street traversed by subway track at ground level. Hurtling over the sorry remains of the 1964 World's Fair in Flushing Meadows. Barreling through a dark, unused "ghost station" near the East River. Going out to Pelham, with Long Island Sound to one side of us and Bronx apartment houses, lighting up the night, to the other. The 3rd Avenue el, with huge, monolithic doors roaring shut. Watching dawn break through the clouds over Jamaica Bay. Spanning the vast Bay on a narrow bridge, passing through isolated Broad Channel and the remote Rockaways, Queens . . . Brooklyn . . . the Bronx . . . Manhattan!

And the people. People sitting, standing, sleeping, studying . . . The smiling conductors, the shy

little kids in the front car peering out the door at the tracks, the weary rush-hour crowds, the young Transit cops joking with each other and the passengers, and, always, amused onlookers to our frantic rushing, recording, time-keeping, picture-taking.

I've ridden every inch of the New York subway system. So have a lot of other people; but not all on one token. Many have accumulated the experience over years of traveling. How many people have seen every inch of the New York City subway system, to marvel at its accidental beauty, its unconscious art? I have.

PETER FRANK / The author of this article is a recently graduated high school senior from Tenafly, N. J.



Medgar Evers, John F. Kennedy, Martin Luther King, Robert Kennedy — these men are the martyrs of America today. Yet, each period of history and each nation has its list of men and women who died for their beliefs, seeking to make the world a better place for all.

Twenty-five years ago, men and women from all walks of life, Protestant and Catholic, young and old, were involved in a struggle against the evils of the Nazi regime which was in control of much of Europe. Openly and through resistance movements, they worked alone and in small groups to undermine Hitler and maintain the hopes of some people that all was not lost. Many of these persons were arrested and imprisoned, tortured, and murdered.

A new edition of the collected letters, diary accounts, and thoughts of some of these martyrs who resisted Hitler has just been published by Seabury Press. Their last letters and thoughts from prison, as they faced execution, are personal statements of their faith in God and in mankind — and speak strongly to us today. Following are a few of their letters and thoughts — for the rest, ask your bookstore for **DYING WE LIVE**, published by Seabury Press.

from **DYING WE LIVE**
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DYING

Peter Moen was born in 1901 in Norway. He directed the entire illegal underground press within the Norwegian resistance movement. Arrested in February 1944, he was held in prison under the most stringent conditions. Then, after seven months, he was deported to Germany along with 400 other prisoners. The prison ship struck a mine en route to Germany and Peter Moen lost his life with the rest. His diary, written in pin pricks, was discovered under the floor of his cell in Oslo.

32nd day

Again and again I have to ask myself: Can you believe? I am speaking of belief in the teachings of the church, or of sharing the faith of which Mother and Father used to say: Christ is the Son of God and died for us. Whoever believes in him will inherit eternal life. I know that outside, in freedom, I should answer: No. I cannot do it. My experience forbids it. Now I do not say a flat no. For I have had this additional experience, that in the hour of extreme need I cry out: Lord, my God, help me! Jesus, save me!

I have prayed to God, honestly and with tears, asking that he grant me a grasp on the mantle of faith. I want to be sanctified. The Word must acquire validity for me. To me that means to reach down to the very root of everything vulgar, dirty, unworthy, and worthless in my being, and to combat it. In one word — sin.

WE

"Libertas," born in 1913, was the wife of Harro Schulze-Boysen, head of a resistance group which included men and women from all walks of life and political persuasions. In August, 1942, the Gestapo took action against them. In September Libertas was arrested and sentenced to death.

November 30, 1942

My Mama: It is really difficult to write letters, because the "mail of thoughts" is functioning so well. Also, when one thinks of how many hundreds of times the recipient will be reading such lines, it becomes all the harder to say great and more than momentarily valid things. Therefore I say, as you have so often, "Have patience, do not demand too much."

Thanks again for your marvelous calm at our reunion. Please preserve it, for all our sakes! The aftereffects of this reunion are so beautiful, hard as it was immediately afterward. . . . This mutual tie that unites us all is really such a great boon, about which I never cease to feel gratefully happy. And over everything, God holds his great warm hand. . . .

This is the way the days are now — hard and big, full of clarification, ripening, and faith. I am thankful for each of these days, since they give me time and calm for this struggle and this growing. And the pain, the living pain, is slowly making of me what I wanted to be as a child, "a poet." My childhood is indeed so near to me. Do you remember how, many years ago, at Christmas, I stood on the piano in the great hall and as the "angel of the Lord" was allowed to say to the shepherds, "Fear not!"

This Christmas, which will make us feel bound to each other as never before, think of that — and think of my favorite childhood verse, "Hail to thee, Child!"

The room in which I live has become dear and familiar to me. At night the constellation of my childhood days, the Great Bear, looks in at my little window. Without having a clock, I sense the hour of twelve. Thanks to the powers on high, my physical condition continues good.

This is important for the trial is impending. . . .

And now, my beloved Mama, once again I entreat you, remain strong. I intend to remain so too. And whatever may come, I do not want to break upon it, for it is a part of the holy task of God, about whom I can no longer fall into doubt.

I enclose two little poems, one of which is perhaps a begin-

ning. That sounds presumptuous, but sometimes I cherish a silent hope of finding a new and adequate expression for the hardly expressible, which means nothing other than writing poetry. But in order to reach this goal, there must still be much, much suffering.

Greet all the dear, loyal people who think of me, and do you likewise remain sound and strong in these times that demand such great sacrifices of so many, many people.

Always and forever,
Your Child

DIETRICH BONHOEFFER, Theologian
Dietrich Bonhoeffer, born February 4, 1906, was a lecturer at the University of Berlin. When he saw both his church and his fatherland in mortal danger, the learned theologian placed himself in the front line of action. In 1942, as spokesman for both the Confessional church and the German resistance, he tried unsuccessfully to win the cooperation of the British war cabinet in overthrowing the Hitler government. Bonhoeffer was arrested April 5, 1943. He died April 9, 1945 in the concentration camp at Flossenbürg.

On Danger and Death
In recent years the thought of death has become increasingly familiar to us. No longer do we hate death as much; we have recognized in his features a trace of kindliness and have practically made friends with him. In our heart of hearts we know that we already belong to him and that each new day is a miracle. It would not be entirely correct to say that we would die willingly, though there is probably no one who has not known that lassitude — to which, however, one must on no account submit. The truth is that we are too curious still for that, or, to put it more seriously, that we should like to get a better view of the meaning of our confused life. We do not idealize death, either; life is far too great and precious to us for that. Above all, we refuse to see the meaning of life in courting danger; for this, we are not despairing enough and know too well the benefits of life, and all the other destructive effects of a persistent threat to existence. We still love life, but I believe that death can no longer surprise us very much. After the experiences of the war, we hardly dare to admit to ourselves that we should like to have death strike us not accidentally, violently, and irrelevantly, but rather in the fullness of life and at the stage of total commitment to existence. It is not external circumstances, but we ourselves that will each make of his death what it can be, a death by free consent.



a cup of cold water

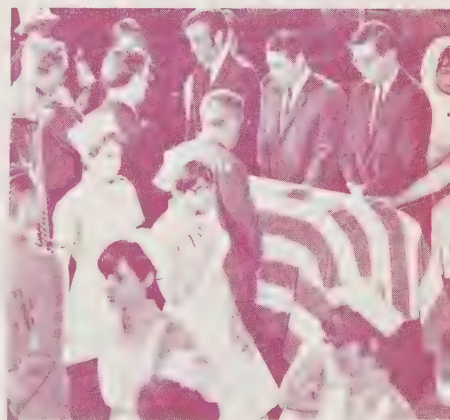




■ Grief takes many forms. When Senator Robert F. Kennedy was killed many persons reacted by spending hours in front of a t.v. set hypnotized and stunned by the tragedy, only able to watch the events play themselves out. Others turned in their guns and resolved to end their own participation in violence. For thousands of others it meant waiting eight hours in line on one of the hottest days in June for a few seconds near the coffin of the late Senator and a chance to touch the flag which draped it.

The doors of St. Patrick's Cathedral opened at 5:30 a.m. on June 7, and did not close for 24 hours. More than 140,000 people filed past the coffin. At 3:30 p.m. I talked to people coming into the church who had been in line since 8:30 that morning.

There was little shade or relief of any sort. Then at 53rd St. and Park Ave., employees of the Sea-



gram's Building began handing out water to drink and handkerchiefs to wipe the perspiration from one's head or to use to shield the sun.

Then I realized that most of the people helping to hand out water were volunteers. Many had stood in the same line earlier, and after going through the church had returned to help others.



Volunteers passing out cups of cold water brought relief to those who waited in 90° heat to file through St. Patrick's Cathedral. Philip Brown of PS 53 in the Bronx and Wylene Armstead, a 16-year-old sophomore from Monroe High School in the Bronx (below) had been through the line and returned to ease the waiting of others.





To wait five hours in line and then return to run back and forth with water for hours more is a form of service, a sharing of grief—a very loving thing to do—a very beautiful thing—which cheered me in my grief and sustained those in line who still had several hours more to wait.

It's about time that we "get this thing together"
and "get down on the case."

We got a thing going on,

But I'm not quite together on my "thing."

So many choices

Beards and hair and stockings and colors and

books and records and dates and games

Clash in a kaleidoscope of confusion.

The world turns me on!

Possibilities, Potential, Energy,

In motion, swinging along

But who knows where? or how? or why?

HAVE MERCY.





nature and technology by anita douthat

rainbows

by kathy grow

Dark skies and clouds beyond belief,
To one below there's no relief.
The crushing sounds assault my ears,
My fearful heart is turned to tears.
And then I see a rainbow.

My faith is gone, my God is dead,
New worries fill my soul with dread.
My hopes explode, my life is done,
I cannot live without the sun.
And then I see a rainbow.

Though rainbows may seem small to you,
They change the rains to gentle dew,
The dew that's found on sunny morns.
And I remember with life's thorns—
Rainbows come only after storms.

the orangatang

by larry whitson

A funny animal is the orangatang.
He used to swing. He swung his swang.
Then one day while he was zoomin',
Some babboons said that he looked human.

Said he,

"Get out of here, you dirty schtooks.
Actions *are* more important than looks."
He chased them, caught them, stuck pins in their eyes.
My Goodness! How he beat up those guys.
He kicked them, bit them, he gave them the works.
Boy, did he ever deal with those jerks.
Back in his swing, swinging his swang,
A thought came over this orangatang.
A thought that came a-boundin' and boomin'.
He realized now he was *acting* human.

(print) by julie bergh



government passed the exertion laws. These laws if broken were always enforced by penalty of death. In many cases they were enforced on the spot to serve as an example to others.

At first a few resisted, but when they swiftly disappeared he had relented to the inevitable and put his board away apparently never to use it again. That had been 20 years ago. He had been a good worker since then. But not a happy one. His modern house with TV's and automatic gadgets could not erase the haunting memory of the carefree days of his youth. Still he had made it for 20 years living like all the others.

Yet his memories still kept on. The memory of his excitement on and after the waves would come back. People weren't allowed to get excited now. That raised their blood pressure which caused them to loose their value to the establishment too early in life.

At first he had been a little unsteady in his knees but it all came back so fast it surprised him. The water was refreshing. He had to hurry now. The crowd had stopped a lot of traffic and the people in their cars had gotten out to see what was going on. The police would be there soon.

A big set boomed and he paddled out a little farther. As he swung his board around for a

would not be long now. He paddled very hard. He could not afford to miss.

The wave lifted him and he was on his way. He did a shaky turn and leaned on the inside rail. The board responded and began to climb. As the almost transparent wave came over his head he automatically fell into a crouch. Arms outstretched, he raced the break. Just before he entered the tube he saw the area light up with red. The police were here. He didn't have much time now.

Then he entered the misty velvet green of the tube. The people raised a great clamor. He had disappeared. None of them knew anything about surfing since they had come of age just about the same time the laws were passed.

As he came out of the tube, he looked around. The police were there. It was all over. He stood up unafraid. He was an easier target this way, but he didn't care. He refused to go back.

A shot rang out loud and crisp against the still air rebounding and being magnified a thousand times among the buildings that came almost down to the boardwalk on the ocean.

Days later a boy skipping training class for the factories found a broken piece of fiberglass and foam. He took it home with an idea. If you

The last man

by danny conner

Winding through the huge city with the board on his car he wondered about what the surf was like. People were everywhere in hot stuffy suits and dresses. They looked at him in disgust. He had on a pair of sunbaked blue nylon baggies. He smiled to himself as they stared. "Would the surf be big and choppy, small and glassy. . . ."

He drove just another hour before pulling up to the sea wall protecting the highway from storm waves. In all his eons on earth man had never been able to tame the big green swells generated from the motherless ocean. For the three hours driving he had not even seen so much as a tree. All there had been were skyscrapers reaching out long hairy fingers to touch the sun in an almost cloudless sky. People were rushing to and from work in the factories and their TV tube homes.

But now he was here and he reveled in the sunshine and beauty of the ocean and waves. Even here people were hurrying, oblivious to the beauty so close by. Walking down the ancient stairs of the sea wall to the narrow strip of sand, he looked back but once. His old Ford van with the flowered stripe stood out among the dark colored cars and buses.

A wave cracked and his attention went back to the almost six foot walls of sparkling perfection.

As he entered the cool green water with his board people looked on in horror. No one was allowed in the water. That would mean physical exertion of some kind. That in turn would condition his body and make him outstanding among his fellow men. No one was to be outstanding.

People of all ages and walks of life were crowding down to the sea wall now, staring on in utter amazement as the man paddled out past the breakers. Turning his board about he waited for a set. The crowds filling the boardwalk began to swell into the blocked traffic. His mind wandered. Thoughts turned to his youth when there had been hundreds of surfers. Surfing had been the last sport to go. That was before the exertion laws. He knew the truth about those laws. Sports brought people together. They talked and discussed all sorts of things. This was why the government had banned each sport one at a time. To keep people from meeting and becoming politically strong. Sports were just the attractions that brought them together. So the

Scream

by red trotter

a tear fell,
a broken smile
and I almost touched it

before it shattered into

a billion crystalline soul-drops,

warm rain into

delicate icy frost.

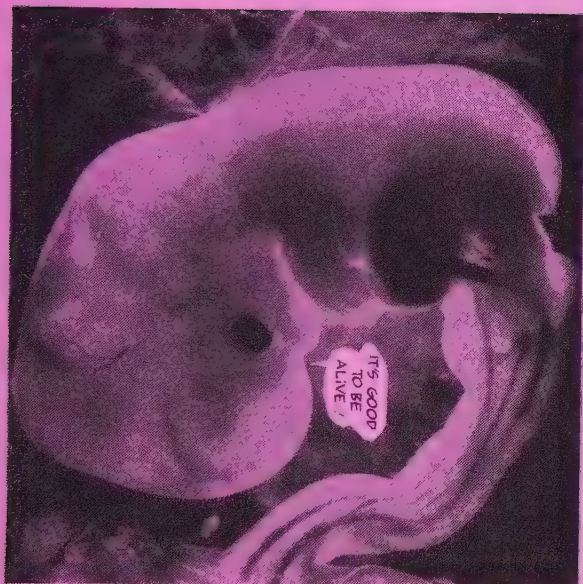
LIFE

realization

by sheila reed

Just now a moth
In aimless flight
Happened in my view,
And without a second thought
I struck . . . and killed it, too.

Then o'er me passed
A thought so cold;
For Death has made me see,
That someday He
Will do the same . . . to me.



(collage) by paul ahrens





photo) by michael baumgarten



ky above, sea below by jonathan thornton

On the floor shouting I've
got

You now dearie with a
word

To blow your mind and
you'll

Nevah evah evah
Think of this one

And finally he did win by
Three points and be-

cause
He was worried about
"His place"

We had to take him
Home

That night—through the snow
He wore a turtleneck

sweater

And a leather jacket
but

I wore that most of
The time because I

was

Cold (I really was—you
Don't

sham

With Hank)

And he took it off and

Wrapped it around
Me

and

When we got to
Pleasant Street

and

Plodded through the snow
To a flight of stairs

And a locked door
And there was his room

All square and cold
And somehow dingy,

Though

For once fairly neat.

He started a fire
In the cold stove

and

Took my hand
just

For a minute to say good
bye.

We went home and maybe
I'll see him again

Because he might leave
There and Those

People

Before he gets in

Trouble

But whether I do or
not

I'll always remember
the

Golden fire
light

Playing on his face
and

Striking sparks from
the

Little gold earring.
He

Looked like Jesus
Christ

Lying there.

Song

by scott maley

the song of change
whispers through
the shifting,

dying strand . . .

and here

Look at him again.

He had a blue cotton shirt and
Ragged jeans on—he was bare-
foot just as I usually am

In winter, and he lay

On Richard's bed and

Yawned and stretched and

Said "What are we going

To do today? How do

You know you weren't switched

Around in the hospital?

I

Can act normal when

I'm

Tripping Pretty colors! Pot

just

Makes you groggy I have a friend who

Is a fairy not really

He's just kinda thsweet

He

Comes over in the

Morning and thayths

"How

About a little kisth?"

We

Haven't yet had the guts

To walk down the street

Hold-

Ing hands but when

All

Go out in our bell-

Bottoms

You

Can't tell who's the girl

Oh yes he's neat he

Wears his hair in a

pony

Tail and

why

Don't we go listen to your

Record?" So we did

And sat by the fire

He

Stretched out on the

Floor and lit a Marlboro

And later we

had

Hot chocolate and we

talked

About everything and all

The time those beautiful

Clear brown eyes

Laughed at me and

When we played

Scrabble

He would think of a

twenty-two-

Point word and roll over

encounter

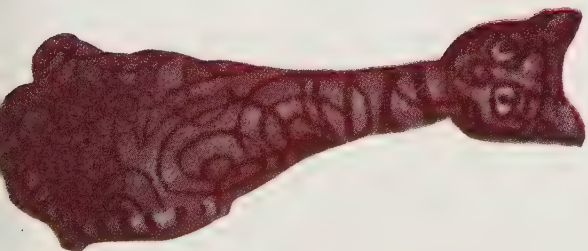
by anne jackson

They told me the boys were
Upstairs, putting the cover
Back on the fan in Richard's bedroom;
I ran up the stairs, crying
"Bon giourno!" so they'd know
I was coming.
I looked up and there he
Was, hanging out
The bedroom door with
His hair in his eyes.
And there was quite a lot of it,
Black—
Shiny-clean—
As silk mourning gowns.
And a smile kind of
Sleepy and skeptical as if
It were poking fun
At all the world.
My father had exaggerated:
There wasn't nearly as much
Hair as he'd said and the beard and
mustache

Were neat and full enough
Not to look scraggly.

I was so relieved that

He wasn't really hairy at all



(paper mache) by karen kratz

peace. DANNY CONNER, NORTH PALM BEACH, FLA.,

17/ write because I think there isn't enough communication between men and if anyone anywhere reads my writing and understands what I am trying to say, whether he believes it correct or not, then I have helped the situation some because this man knows a little more about me and where I stand. The theme to the poem "The Blue Sky Isn't Really Blue" is also very simple: is civilization really progressing or are we slowly choking ourselves? PAUL AHRENS, LANSDALE, PA., 13/Art is a hobby of mine which lends a way to express oneself. I keep a pile of clippings, pictures, and captions from various magazines. Going through them I saw some that might work together, so I put them together to produce the finished work. The entry speaks for itself.

JULIE BERGH, MERRILL, WIS., 14/Actually I don't know when I first became interested in creative expression, in my case art, but I know I have always enjoyed drawing and I always will. To me drawing is a way of expressing yourself in a constructive manner. To me the special thing about my entry is that it is the first time I have ever done a block print. SHEILA REED, FREDERICKSBURG, PA., /

I find that I can express myself best when I am in a depressed mood. Writing is a means of releasing my stored emotions. I enjoy writing poetry that is down-to-earth and totally uncomplicated such as "Realization." I plan to attend Edinboro State College and major in physical education and minor in journalism. LARRY WHITSON, TACOMA, WASH., 18/Last year I served as Youth Council Officer for our United Church Conference. During the year I began to see my beliefs about me, other people, God and the World take shape. It was then that I began to write poetry.

The poem "Orangatang" came at a time when I was dismayed over all the violence and hatred that is prevalent in so many human beings. I could not hope to pose a solution to this problem in the poem. I only hope that through it a few people may begin to understand that there is a problem and something should be done about it. KATHY GROW, MOBRIDGE, S.D., 16/"Rainbows" was written for a friend of mine after she did something which I thought was particularly thoughtful. It also came in very handy later in the year as an English assignment! Seriously, who hasn't experienced those little "rainbows" that serve to brighten your life, if only temporarily? I know that I have.



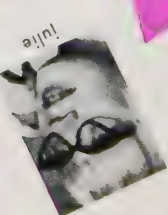
anita



paul



danny



julie



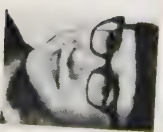
paul



sheila

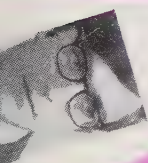


larry



larry

ANNE JACKSON, AMHERST, MASS. /I had never seen a "hippie" (drugs, beard, mustache, "independence," and all) at close hand before, and I was curious, as well as excited, as I rode to a friend's house where Hank was visiting. I came home that night profoundly moved, saddened and disturbed by this flippancy, brash, wise, gentle, mixed-up 16 1/2-year-old, and the next morning I got up and wrote "Encounter" on scraps of a memo pad, before eating or getting dressed, in one continued rush, with only two minor later corrections. KAREN KRATZ, LANSDALE, PA., 18/Art to me doesn't really hold any deep meaning. . . . I just enjoy working with color and form and experimenting with different materials. My cat started out as a two-week project, but once again I got carried away and it developed into a "Catastrophe." SCOTT MALEY, CONDON, ORE., 17/ Mankind is the "purpose" behind "The Song of Change." From all my reading I seem to find that no matter how low "people" may sink there have always been those who carried the spark of creativity. As long as there is someone, we still have a purpose. Therefore, very long ago the song of change was born in the shifting dying sand. JONATHAN THORNTON, GRINNELL, IOWA, 16/"Sky Above, Sea Below" is a study in contrasts. The dark birds are contrasted with the light fish, as the choppy disjointed angular mass of fish is contrasted against the flowing, curved mass of birds whose entire outline may be traced by a single continuous line. MICHAEL BAUMGARTEN, PAWLING, N.Y., /It is my feeling that although scenes such as landscapes and seascapes are definitely beautiful, they tend to lack the emotion and human involvement which typifies man's complete takeover of the natural world. The scene in general depicts man's separation from nature. To me this separation is, yes, beautiful but not realistic. ANITA DOUTHAT, ALEXANDRIA, KY., 17/When I was 11 years old I began taking pictures as a 4-H project. Until recently I have been interested only in photographing nature, people, and other concrete subjects. This year I began to experiment with photographs like "Mystery of the Sea" and "Nature vs. Technology." Photographs have been called the bridge between photography and painting. Since making a photograph involves placing objects on printing paper and exposing the composition to the enlarger light it is like "painting with light." ROD TROTTER, CONDON, ORE., 16/My pen is an extension of my spirit-body. Soul Sweat & Blood pour forth. Perhaps what



the whores, with their open beds.

They do not know what is good and beautiful in life! They know not what life is!" His voice filled the room, but now it dropped, regaining its silvery quality. "So, why should they worry about old Ciego, the maker of masks? They feed me only because they have not stomach enough to refuse me. And why should Ciego care about them? When I am gone, I am gone, and their chances will have gone, too. No one wants to learn how to make masks; the young men only want to make money, so they may have their liquor and their women. It is a pity," the ancient one shook his head slowly, "but I can do nothing. Perhaps I want to do nothing. For years they have ignored Ciego's masks, and Ciego's words; now Ciego shall ignore them. And Ciego's ignoring will be the more lasting of the two." His head swayed slowly from side to side. His hands incessantly probed the lump of clay with their tools, chipping, stroking breaking bit by bit the mold, the

face was sober as he picked up the sack of grain, shifted it, and strode past the boy.

The man spoke nothing else to the boy on the trip back to the hut. The boy did not notice. He was thinking the new thoughts which were in his mind. They reached the forest on the side of the mountain, and he paused to look back at the village once more, before returning home. It did not look the same as it had on the journey down, and for a moment he regarded it uneasily. But the boy told himself that it was the light, and ran to catch up with his father.

the breaking of the mold (cont'd)

without cracks?' But do you know what I answered?" He paused. The boy shifted his weight to the other foot. "I said then, 'Why worry, Ciego? Why should you alone want your art alive?' Because, you see," his melodic voice wavered, and itself crumbled, "No one cares. No one wants masks; 'what good is a mask?' they say. 'What will it buy you?' I have not sold a mask for a long time, over two years. My masks are the best in this region, because they are the only ones in this region." His voice rose. "When my father was young, and learning the art, people came to my grandfather every week to buy masks. How they loved the masks then! My father too had customers enough. But the people have changed. The men no longer don the masks to sing and to dance. If they want entertainment, they go to the towns, many miles from here. If they want laughter, they drink their *aguardiente*, and in their

irreplaceable mold. The boy sensed that the conversation was over, and crept silently out of the hut of Ciego, the maker of masks.

The father came out of the *taberna* with a sack of grain across his shoulder. His breath smelled of whiskey. When he saw the boy, he slung the sack to the ground and wiped the sweat from his face with his kerchief. "What did you?" he asked, frowning.

"I have been to the shop of the mask-maker," the boy answered softly, eyeing the dusty ground.

The father stopped his mopping and squinted sharply at the boy.

"El Ciego? The blind one? What did he say?"

"He said there is no one to learn his trade—art—when he dies."

"Hah! Did he? He is right; no one wants masks. They were for the ancient ones, our ancestors; it is now for us to wear masks. He

not one stroke with the mallet; they never failed to send a flake of clay falling to the dirt, where a pile of them already lay. The man did not watch or guide his hands' work; his head was turned instead to the wall of masks in front of him.

"What would you?" spoke the man. Startled, the trance snapped, the boy half-rose to run—... he hesitated, and continued to watch the man. The hands and tools did not stop their relentless chipping; his head did not move. The boy, frozen, watched the man. The man repeated his question. "What would you?"

The man's voice was audible, and oddly resonant in the small hut; yet within it was immeasurable age, and ancient and eternal timbre which made his voice mercury, running and murmuring and curling into the corners of the hut, seeping into the boy's consciousness and filling it. The thudding hammer kept time. The boy was soothed and he sank back

which I want." His head rolled slightly toward the earthenware jars in a corner of the hut. "Over this I pour clay, several times. When the clay is thick enough, I scrape out that which had been the face. Now I have a mold. This mold in turn I fill with clay, and when it has hardened, I break the mold, and bake the mask. See the masks I have made." The man nodded at the walls of the hut. The mallet stroked. "My masks are the most beautiful in the region. See that small red one, over there," the mallet stroked, "that is my favorite. Or the one with the laughing face, here," again he indicated with his head; the mallet stroked, yet stroked, stroked, eternally stroked. The steady hiss of dropping flakes gave his voice depth. The boy duly regarded the masks, then looked back to the ancient one.

"Why do you break the molds?"

The stroke stopped. The hiss of flakes died. The ancient one lowered his tools, and silence

the breaking of the mold (cont'd)

masks all frozen and staring with lifeless hollows of eyes at the boy.

They fascinated the boy—he almost deserted his former caution and entered. But he hesitated, and his eyes growing accustomed to the internal dusk, he found the source of the tapping.

In the center of the dirt floor a man was sitting, poised on a mat of straw. His face was hidden; the boy could see, however, that the man's body was thin and fragile. He wore only a loincloth. His skin matched the dingy mat on which he sat and it looked as serene as the pale ashen dust. The man's back and side glistened a ghastly, cadaverous white in the gloom, a back never burned by a vengeful sun or whipped by brazen winds. The boy, gathering curiosity, crept into the hut and sat noiselessly in the dust of the floor.

In the man's hands were a heavy wooden mallet and a thin, reedy piece of metal. They chipped at a large clod of earth

into a squat in the dust. "What are you doing?" he asked.

The ancient one did not pause in his flaking. Nor did he show any surprise at the question or the inquisitor. For a moment the hut was in silence, except for the thudding mallet. Then he slowly answered, "I am the mask-maker of the village. I am taking a mask from its mold." He shifted the clod of earth, and his mallet did not break stride.

The boy watched his movements. "Why are you doing that?"

"Know you how a mask is made?" asked the ancient one.

"No."

"The art is a special one, and is difficult," the ancient one said slowly. "My father taught it to me, very long ago, and he, even earlier, had learned it from his."

He paused. "It seems that the art will be taken to its grave, when I am taken to mine." He again paused, but never interrupting the

settled into the hut. He slowly turned his face toward the door, where the boy sat. Another pair of lifeless hollows stared at the boy. But the ancient did not answer.

The boy asked again, "Why must you break the molds? If you did not break them you would not have to make a new mold every time. You could use the molds again. Or someone else could use them when you—" The boy's throat caught. "I mean—"

"I know what you mean," answered the ancient one. "I have thought about it much, and many times." He lifted his tools and resumed his flaking, but the stroke seemed to be with great effort. "Yes, I have thought much about the matter. 'Who will be the mask-maker?' I have asked myself. 'Who will shape the features as delicately as I? Who knows how to mix just the right amount of straw and clay into the mud? Who knows how to pour

scowling face always forward, at once defiant and dissatisfied. He showed no heed of the boy, and indeed seemed to have forgotten him, giving his attention instead to the narrow path on which they wound down the side of the valley to the village below.

They passed the last of the trees, and the boy stopped, almost abruptly, to gaze at the peace of the valley. He would never come this way, he thought, even when he was as old as his father, without stopping to gaze at the green and yellow and red-brown patches of field, guarded by huts similar to his own, and those tiny patches surrounding the slightly larger, irregular circle of the village, and all in turn encompassed by the blue-greens of the valley and the whitish haze of sky beginning at the distant mountains.

His father had not stopped to look with the boy at the valley. The boy ran to catch up with him. The man said nothing, but in his

mind was: *He shall learn. When he is older, and has suffered and worked, he shall learn then. The young are dreamers.*

They were now in the valley proper, and the boy could see the men working beside their huts as they passed them. As each man saw the pair, he would stop his work, and straightening, wave his hat or his hoe; and the father would brusquely nod at each one and continue, as if his was a most important mission. Eventually they reached the village itself, a large bare spot of earth where the confused footpath disappeared, either widening or stopping. A few huts, the common store of grain, the artisans' shops, the small *taberna*: that was all.

The man stopped in front of the *taberna* and finally acknowledged the presence of the boy. "Here, by dusk." The father dismissed him with a laconic wave and went inside. The long-awaited moments of freedom were here, and the

boy turned, shuffling through the dust. A hoe struck a rock in the distance; a gaunt chicken pecked by a nearby hut; a man slept in the shade of the *taberna*. The boy's face brightened, and, crouching, he crept toward the chicken. The chicken indifferently moved away from the boy and maintained its distance. He squatted by the door of the hut, ready to leap at the chicken if it should return. As he sat, he became aware of a peculiar sound underlying the humid stillness: a muffled, crumbly tapping. He listened silently for a time. Then, cautiously, he peered into the hut. The tapping was louder. Inside, the hut was dark; little light came from the small opening high in the wall. The boy could not see well in the gloom, but even without light his eyes were drawn to the walls of the hut. They were covered with masks. Masks of every size; masks of all complexions; masks of varied emotions;

the breaking of the mold

by james schumacher

It was early morning when the man left the door of the hut and set out with his son for the village.

The sun was yet concealed by the hills, but already the horizon was blurred, and the farthest mountains swam in the heat. Around them the trees quietly awaited the sun. Birds flew sleepily from branch to branch, their chirping subdued. Save this, and the scratching of the sandals on the gravel, the morning was without sound. Nature waited with suspended breath for day.

The boy tried to look about him while keeping pace with his father, who was yet strong and fast, and the boy's eyes flew from one side of the path to the other, chasing the bright colors. Normally the forest did not excite him so, but a visit to the village was a rare privilege: he took notice of as



contemplation by paul lindemuth

thoughts

by linda robinson

I probably will never see God on a Sunday
in a peaceful church filled with prayerful people
I wonder if I'll find Him drowning

somewhere between Genesis and Revelation

or lost

somewhere between the Prelude and the Benediction.

I've seen him though during the week

in laughing children running through green grass and clover hills.
in a weeping mother—her boy came home today in a steel casket
the color of the tinselled plane that took him away.

Monday's just five minutes from Sunday.

Sometimes I think of Martin Luther King.

I saw God then.

But all the same, I doubt I'll ever see Him on a Sunday

kid find a job, or give a family without money food so the kids don't go around eating plaster off the walls. Yet I, I go out, work hard, damn hard, to earn what little they'll pay me, so my kid doesn't have to eat plaster. But it's no good, nothing is. What chances have I got. I never finished high school; my parents died when I was fifteen, and I dropped out, so I can't even begin to get a good job. But I try. And after I try I go home every night to a lousy rat house, a garbage bin, and I sit there hungry and I rot. I rot because I'm colored, and my kids rot because they're colored, and nobody gives a damn.

He was crying now.

Please, I pleaded, come in, stop this. There are people who care.

Care doesn't fill an empty stomach, doesn't get rid of those cries of Hey, nigger. Go ahead and care all you want.

He was silent once more. I could do nothing. Who was he? What could I say to him? The wind roared. I tried.

I tried, but I failed, my words were too cheap. I started speaking of love, of people who wanted equality, of—

He interrupted, equality? He was incredulous. Have you been in Georgia lately? I hear they still have four bathrooms down there—two for the whites, two for the blacks. And just guess which ones flush. Or how about, in some places, not being able to vote. And the looks, and the comments, piling up, never stopping. God, help me!

He jumped. I cried, I still cry, for I have remembered who he was. He was my brother.

Challenges—challenges I couldn't answer. I didn't even know him, how could I answer him. The wind roared louder.

I wanted to answer, I couldn't.

To talk to you?, he laughed. I bet you don't even know who I am. Do you?

Challenges again. I couldn't lie to him. I whispered no.

The crowd below us was growing. They stood, they watched, a crowd of vultures, delighting in this type of death.

I won't say your not knowing who I am doesn't hurt; you know it does and this time you're not going to ignore my feelings. It hurts. But after the time I've lived with it, the not remembering, I've become . . . he shrugged, continued, I don't know what I've become. Twenty-five years of being nameless, just part of a pitied, worried about crowd. He stopped, then he roared at me, at the world, a BLACK part of a BLACK crowd. I HATE IT! There was quiet, except for the wind, and then reflectively he said, I'll bet even now those people down there, the ones that are leaving, are thinking, What the hell? He's only a nigger. I HATE IT! But you wouldn't understand, would you? You're white. His tone implied that the color of my skin was a crime. Something said, is it?

I was silent, the wind roared. Who was he? The crowd waited. I tried to remember.

Then suddenly he stuck his foot out, leaned forward.

No, I shouted, reached out to grab him.

Once more he spoke, this time quietly. You sit day and night in your warm houses, in front of your televisions, your stomachs full, and you talk among yourselves of equality, and love, and brotherhood. But I've never seen you do anything, come down and help a

one hot day

by nanette burner

Taste the dust in the air

Feel it choking, choking;

Feel the heat he can't bear,

Feel it burning, burning.

Listen, the feet of our men

Hear them tramping,

tramping.

Listen, the tramp of foe then

Hear them running, running.

See the sun upon the hill

See it glaring, glaring.

See the glinting of the steel

Hear the shooting, shooting.

Look at the red upon the dirt

See it spreading, spreading;

Look at the body that is hurt

See it dying, dying.

a question of relationship

by sandra valle

He was dark-skinned, I light. He had asked for me, but I didn't remember who he was; his face was only vaguely, only dimly familiar. I stood inside a room by a window, he on a ledge outside that window, eleven stories up.

Come in, I pleaded.

Why?, he shouted above the wind.

Because ...

a grasshopper

by kyle boss

A dissected grasshopper
sat upon a sterile table
and told the students
of body philosophy
his inside story.
His cousin
by marriage
lay staked out
in his formaldehyde bathtub
underneath a microscope
screaming about decency
or the naked truth
or something like that
while, in his rectangular bowl
a gold speckled rainbow
oriental squirrel fish swam
and bubbled on and on
about privacy and freedom
and ethics.
Perched atop a painted perch
bloated with cotton organs
and sawdust brains
a southern New England
double tailed tree finch
chirped its song

of life and death
and memorium
to a pithed frog
who waited in a sink
for the student ghouls
to come for him
and his friend Herman
and his friend Pete
and then get his remains
flushed down a toilet heaven.
On a table
floating in preservative
a calf's brain thought
about how he died
killed in the slaughterhouse
then sold
as steaks and tongues
and things.
I am but a little rabbit
sitting here
in one of many stacked cages
twitching my pink nose
and rubbing my fur
with my hind foot
watching all the goings on

in this mortuary
and waiting . . .
waiting for the blood test
to tell me
the injection
of cancerous tissue
was malignant.

book's-eye view of
reader by paul metcalf





give me liberty by pierre ovanin



struggle by lynda clark

